

of things to come

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Gamagori asks Ryuko for Mako's hand in marriage, through Ryuko's eyes.

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[Mako M., I. Gamagoori] Ryuko M. - Favs: 7 - Follows: 2

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The amount of love Ira Gamagori had for Mako was palpable, and it made Ryuko a little bit sick with genuine delight for Mako. She deserved all the happiness Ryuko could imagine, and then some. Gamagori held Mako's hand tight, like he'd never let go; it wasn't like Mako would go anywhere, because she loved him too much, clinging to his side as if she'd disappear if she didn't hold on tight.

Remarkably, she'd babble to him and he'd respond as if she was the only girl in the world. It was charming, really. Ryuko distantly wondered how long this would last, but the ridiculous thought left her mind as quickly as it arrived. Something about the way their eyes met said more than the words they said to each other; their synchronicity seemed reasonably cute in the way where you realized they only saw each other. Being stuck in such a highly emotional bubble, forgetting the rest of the world, would drive Ryuko off the wall crazy. But that seemed to make Mako happy, so it wasn't her place to complain.

There was also genuine confusion about how Ira and Mako could handle the sugar-coated sweetness. The mushiness was beginning to truly transform into a nauseating mess. He looked at Mako like she was the sun, the moon, and all the stars; whenever he so much as grazed Mako's shoulder, Ryuko could've sworn Gamagori let out tears of near-orgasmic joy. It made sense he reacted so strongly because his convictions as loud as his barely contained emotions.

Ryuko had lived with Mako since Ryuko first to Honno city, claiming a futon with rags and strangely high quality scrap fabric (from the leftover money from when Mako wore a two-star uniform) hand-stitched by Mako's mother Sukuyo. This gesture of kindness stayed with Ryuko; she hadn't minded sleeping in a corner in Mako's room, since it meant they had more time to bond.

Mako was easily Ryuko's best friend, and the feeling was definitely mutual. Even though she seemed over-the-top obsessed with Ira, Mako never forgot her bond with Ryuko technically came first. Ryuko felt a blooming pang of relief when she remembered that her friendship with Mako was neigh unbreakable.

A loud and precise knock at the door broke Ryuko out of her overly sentimental reverie.

"Who is it?" Ryuko asked from force of habit. It could've only been four people, and Ryuko could only guess who it was.

"Ira. I have something important to ask," he said, his words too solemn for Ryuko's taste. Her heart raced. What could he be asking at nine pm?

"Come in!" Mako chirped from underneath a blanket. She was half-asleep but somehow, even the muffled, tinny sounds of Ira's voice made her nearly jump for joy out of a hazy comfort. Ira immediately shuffled in and snuggled next to Mako. She instantly crawled to the immense crook of his arm and rest her head on his massive peck, her full body visibly relaxing as he petted her hip. His movements were swift and protective, keeping her safe from whatever he feared could get her. Ryuko noticed that Ira's palm was bigger than Mako's hip, but she didn't mind him gripping her hip in such an intense way; it seemed like she was soothed into a deeper sleep, snoring a little.

"Are you ok, Ira?" It took a while to call him by his first name; even though they were close, the lack of formality made Ryuko itch in uncharacteristic annoyance.

"I wanted to ask you something important," Ira said, repeating himself from earlier. He started hugging a sleeping Mako closer to his chest.

"Okay," Ryuko only enunciated her words when she was hesitant, "go for it. The suspense is killing me."

Ira gulped.

"I want your permission for Mako's hand in marriage," Ira exclaimed, squeezing Mako so tight she squeaked and jolted awake.

"You're both adults, and I'm not Mako's keeper. You should do what you want," Ryuko said, but the words came out harsher than she intended and Ira looked visibly crestfallen.

"I give you permission. I love Mako like a sister and I trust you'll take good care of her," Ryuko added hastily, and Ira's excitement burned bright enough to commit an act of arson.

Ryuko was pretty confident she'd be the bridesmaid when the wedding came around.